



Elizabeth Coatsworth



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Books by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

P O E T R Y

Fox Footprints

Atlas and Beyond

Compass Rose

Country Poems

Summer Green

N O V E L S

Here I Stay

A Toast to the King

The Trunk

S T U D I E S

Country Neighborhood

Maine Ways

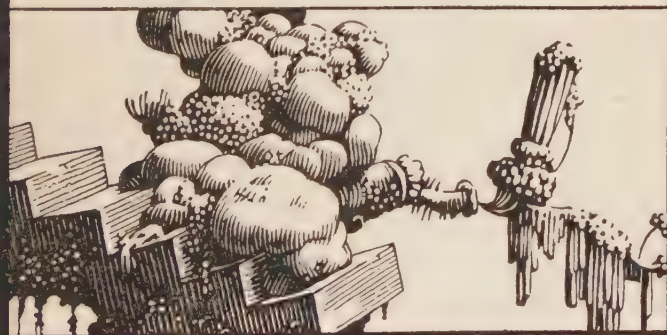
South Shore Town

THE CREAKING STAIR

T H E
**Creaking
Stair**

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*Graphic accompaniment by
W. A. Dwiggins*



New York **COWARD-McCANN Inc.**



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The verses of this book have been set on the Linotype in an experimental face so far without a name. This is the first use of the face in a book.

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THE CREAKING STAIR



THE WIND SHRIEKED LOUD

*What I know
no one dreams.
The wind that night
covered all screams,
the moon preferred
to mantle her head,
the cook and butler
were long in bed.*

*I could not sleep
the wind was so loud,
a white eye glared
from a tattered cloud,
I could not sleep,
I went down the hall,
I never moved,
I saw it all.*

*No one shall ever
know what took place.
The moon held a darkness
over her face,
the wind shrieked loud
like a passing spirit,
I shall say nothing:
I inherit.*



DESERTED HOUSE

*This is a house haunted and unfortunate.
No happiness follows the steps that go in through the gate,
no joy awaits one on the threshold there.
Let the lilacs grow, let them darken and stifle the air,
let the weeds choke out the path, and roses gone wild
rot the old steps beneath them. The place is defiled.
Give it back to its own to destroy, but keep away.
The house is ill-omened. Do I not know what I say?*



TOUCHSTONE

*No one is bored who is afraid:
fear has her spectral splendors,
the eye is bright which stares dismayed,
terror has few pretenders.*

*And hate, as well, is sharp and clear,
rememberful and trusty.
It's love that hesitates and quips,
it's liking that grows rusty.*



THE SNAKE

*They call me crazy
(said the farmer's daughter),
I skim reflections
from river water,*

*in strawberry juice
I dip the feet
of little gray pigeons
to make them sweet.*

*I love a man
whom all despise,
he walks by himself
and has lidless eyes.*

*He walks by himself
without a sound,
I scarcely hear
his feet on the ground.*

*His mother saw
coiled under a thorn
an arrogant snake
before he was born.*

*And she used to cry
like one possessed,
saying a viper
suckled her breast.*



THE BALLAD OF THE PECATONE COACH

*The cruel mistress of Pecatone
rode in a coach with horses four,
coachman and footman on the box,
and a crest emblazoned on the door.*

*But in the shadow of that deep coach
she was a lady strange to see,
with a rawhide whip on her narrow wrist
and silver pistols at her knee.*

*All night long through the countryside
a man might waken and raise his head
to hear the hollow rumble of wheels
and the tiring horses' heavy tread.*

*And a man might hear a shrill wild voice
when the stars were paling with the day
and the dawn breeze stirred — he might hear a voice
crying, "On! drive on! drive on! I say!"*

*Then came a night when the stars went out,
and there came a night when the wind blew high,
and the thunder roared from the driven clouds
and the lightning spat from the angry sky.*

*But rumble to rumble, coach wheels replied
and along the gale a voice blew clear,
"Drive on! drive on! you cowards! drive!
Neither the storm nor the devil I fear!"*

*Ah, cruel mistress of Pecatone,
was it wise to call upon one so aware
of the darkness that lay across your house
and of you who reigned so darkly there?*

*The thunder crashes, the lightning hangs
suspended in a hideous day
and a whirlwind has swept from out the sky
and carried the Pecatone coach away.*

*Now men may sleep in their beds at night
for never again shall that lady ride
with whip at wrist and pistol at knee
and Madness sitting by her side.*



TO A GHOST

*Now you may shriek
who never shrieked
and moan
who made no moan,*

*such is the privilege
of Death,
the boon
of wandering Bone.*

*Down corridors
where once you smiled,
in gardens
where you sang,*

*you now may cry,
you now may sob,
and ease
the hidden pang.*

*Ghosts have no duties
flesh once knew,
they need
no social sense,*

*and skeletons
in the dark earth
have doffed
their reticence.*



THE VOICE

*First he heard only the sound of his footsteps on the floor,
then he heard the night-wind rattling and feeling at the door,
next he heard the worms gnawing in the old beams overhead,
but at the last something moved and something said,*

*“Why did you open what was closed?
Why did you waken what was asleep?
Why did you rouse the unaroused
and weep for that which cannot weep?”*

*“I had a heart when I was flesh,
but where is it now when I am bone?
I could have wept when I had eyes,
but now my skull is an empty stone.*

*“Why did you know only that spell
to call, but not to master, too?
Why did you open the door for me
to do the thing which I must do?”*



GIRL ON THE WOOD FARM

*The rain came whimpering
like a thing afraid.*

*“Put on your shawl, daughter,
the heifer has strayed.”*

*“Mother, oh, mother,
don’t send me out!
The trees, the gaunt trees,
press close about.*

*"The trees are wet, mother,
the trees are cold.
The trees are cruel, mother,
they are hard and old."*

*Into the forest she went,
made small with fear,
she saw a dead rabbit,
she saw a fleeing deer.*

*But never the heifer
she came to find,
and never her mother's house
so small and kind.*

*For old trees behind her,
and old trees ahead
wiped out the path
with hands cold and dead.*



FOR WHAT'S AWAKE?

*To bed,
for what's awake
but stars
and moving lights
double like owls' eyes
pouncing with a whirr,
and cautious shadows
and thin leafless boughs
that scrape the house?*

*To bed,
for what's awake
but the small wind
restless, and restless cats
stirring with hunger,
and the cautious moon
tip-toeing tensely from the east?
Wait not for her.
To bed now with the honest things of day
and let the sun
draw back your heavy curtains.*



BY COMMAND

“Saddle your nightmare!”

*By the cavern door
the nightmares are waiting;
there are three or four*

*with white eyeballs showing
and white teeth clear,
and a forehoof pawing,
and a backdrawn ear —*

*“Where must I ride tonight?
Where must I go?
The nightmares are saddled,
and the road I know.”*



THE OGRE ENTERTAINS

*I, guest to ogres, naturally understand
an ogre's castle must be built on bones
however mortised. There can be no smoke
from homesteads rising on a demon's land.
The servants have a way of snuffing out
and sometimes I have heard when all alone
a sighing from the pillars,
a mural groan.*

I walk among the gardens.

Do not think

*I cannot guess what once the statues were
that languish in the hedge, and I infer
the origin of the deer with their sad eyes.
I trail my gown along the formal walks
and in the trees above me hear the cries
of clip-winged birds. I do not pick a rose
for fear of wounded stalks.*

*And night by night I lie in my plumed bed
lulled to slow sleep
by the monotonous, the heavy creep
of the old ogre pacing overhead.*



MUCH NICER PEOPLE

Old old lady,

why have you bolted your door?

*We don't want people tracking our carpets
with dust and dirt any more.*

Old old lady,

why have you drawn your blinds?

*My sister and I make much nicer people
entirely in our minds.*



DRY SEASON

*The mountains stand so still and bare and high,
the yucca stalks are withered and turned dry,
pointing reproach at the unclouded sky.*

*The sycamore drops slow leaves through the noon
across the frail disk of the white day moon,
the marsh grass rustles in the dry lagoon.*

*She need not twist her apron end and cry,
nor wonder why it is no one comes by —
a rider on a white horse will come soon.*



NIGHT OF HUNGER

*The cactus is outlined grotesquely by the moon
and across the desert the coyotes turn from their shadows,
hunched and snarling,
their bared teeth like slivers of light.*



THE DEVIL BREAKS AN APPOINTMENT

*Not a cloud was seen,
the sun stood high,
upon the hearthstone crackled a flame,
the old woman brought
biscuits and wine
and waited — and waited,
but no one came.*

*She went to the door
and looked down the road.
Never a sound
of a coach was heard.
A hazel branch
brushed against the house,
she heard the song
of a jubilant bird.*

*All day she waited,
all evening she watched.
When the clock struck twelve
she went to bed.
"The day of the bond
has come and gone.
The Devil was busy,"
she said.*

*Once more she dared
to murmur a prayer*

*with thin hands folded
upon her breast,
greatly relieved
and a little put out
by the obvious lack
of interest.*



POOR RELATION

*I eat what's set
upon the table,
I listen quiet
to what's said,*

*I sleep as much
as I am able
upon my sagging
attic bed.*

*I use a crooked
looking glass,
I take what I
am given to drink,*

*but no one knows
the thoughts that pass —
oh, no one guesses
what I think!*



FAIRY TALE

Caw! caw!
I saw and I saw
an eagle fly up
with a ring in his claw.

He found it upon
a stone by the water,
it belongs to the great king's
loveliest daughter.

*The eaglets will turn it
about and about,
and then they will pick
the bright stones out,*

*but what will the princess
find to say
to the prince of his ring
which has vanished away?*



FRAGMENT FROM NOTHING

*And Hate,
Fear's ugliest child,
held to her skirts
and while she curtseyed,
glared up like a toad.*



IN A BLACK SPRING

*Come, call your cat
and fortify your broom,
there's need to travel
and the word is haste,
they've made a continent
our dancing room
with fields unfurrowed
and old towns laid waste.*

*Where spires once stood
we'll leap the fallen stones,
kick weathercocks
down many a broken street,
and plant a harvest
of assorted bones
in gaping meadows
where once grew wheat.*



AUTUMN IN THE GRAVEYARD

*Among the headstones
rose the smoke
of dead leaves burning,
it rose and broke
on leafless branches,
on rainless clouds,
it wrapped the gardeners
in long gray shrouds.*

*In wavering shrouds
the gardeners stood
and leaned on their rakes'
hard handles of wood,
and watched the dull leaves
twist and turn
in the small dark heaps
where their fires burn.*

*And does all greenness
come to this?
And all proud scarlet
lapse to a hiss,
watched by old men
in sad attire
who mumble and squeak
about the fire?
I mounted my hour,*

A U T U M N I N T H E G R A V E Y A R D

*I snatched up my frown,
and trampled the fires
and old men down.*



THE KETTLE'S TALE

*The fire to the kettle said,
"Sing up, kettle! Tell what you know!"*

*"I know the gray Tom-cat is dead
because the old broom told me so.*

*"I know the cow is out of milk,
last night there was an empty pan,*

*“at midnight mistress wore her silk
and ran away with a gentleman.*

*“I know the hound is hunting a fox
(it was the wind that told me so),*

*“and master kicked away a box
from under his feet, an hour ago.”*



NIGHT STORM IN APRIL

Who saw it?

*The drunks,
the taxi-cab drivers,
who saw it?*

*The cats
on their hurrying feet,
and the old night watchmen
who stand in doorways,*

*they saw the ice
and the flowers of sleet.
But who remembered?
The dawn destroyed it,
the drunks were asleep
by their tumbled hats,
the drivers,
the watchmen,
they ate their breakfasts —
the vision shone
in the eyes of the cats.*



SONG TO NIGHT

*Night is something watching,
something that is unseen,
something that moves a little,
patient and fierce and lean.*

*Night comes close to the window,
breathing against the pane,
and follows the lonely traveler
swiftly down the lane.*



THE FUGITIVE

*You will not find her in the woods
nor by the shore of any sea,
nor in the fields where once she walked
nor standing, shadowed, by some tree.*

*There is no roof in all the world
to give its shelter to her head,
and yet you search in vain for her
who search the archives of the dead.*

*Her flight is not such flight as these —
invisible her hiding place.*

*A door closed, and her eyes look out
from the pale thicket of her face.*



FOREVER LULLED

*Like bees which buzz continuously
in a wide flowering tree,
Cassandra's cries were merged to peace
gathering their agony.*

*Her friends sat softly in the shade
of her continual moan
and combed their locks, forever lulled
by her wild monotone.*



THE CAT AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

*To think our cat was wandering
most of the night,
under the glory and exceeding beauty
of fluctuant light —
raising green eyes to that green streaming wonder
lifted so high,
walking deliberately and delicately under
a burning sky.*

*East, west, north, south, up every side of heaven,
pale fire streamed,
and through its wavering tongues the constellations
like gold sparks gleamed,
when out of darkness as upon an errand
the black cat came,
so small, so small, to walk in the cold dark center
of all that flame.*



BRAMBLE FINGERS

*Bramble fingers drop them in,
tangerines with wrinkled skin,
rosemary and redolent thyme,
tapering strawberry, cooling lime,
orange, quince, and apricot —
all is poison in the witch's pot.*

*All is poison in the witch's pot,
strawberry and apricot*

*turn to brew as scummed and dull
as toadstools grown from a nightmare's skull,
venom drips from every skin
as bramble fingers drop them in.*

*Delicate fruits that kindly grew
hung in the sun in a net of dew,
simple herbs that yet could spread
a cloud of incense overhead
transform themselves, bubble and clot,
to poison in the witch's pot.*



SPRING HUNTING

*Serpentlike, serpentlike, dragging and sinuous,
serpentlike slides the cat through swaying grasses,
not a twig snaps,
not a leaf whispers,
on shadow feet the black cat passes.*

*Close to the ground the round eyes are glaring,
sinister lanterns that move through the grasses,
not a twig snaps,
not a leaf whispers,
to show where death as a black cat passes.*



NOCTURNE

"Don't be afraid," said the Night.

*"I am not terrible, you must understand,
though sometimes my thoughts are solemn, and quite often
I carry a skull in my hand.*

*It suits my fancy to be draped in black,
but mostly I am reflective, and really very kind.*

*If you have heard other things whispered about me,
it was when I was out of my mind."*



EPITAPH

*She loved all pretty things and she was kind,
she had a small foot and an honest mind,
the man she married proved both deaf and blind,
eating the fruit and burying here the rind.*



THE LADY

*The candle is out,
it has crashed to the floor,
she follows the wall
to find the door.*

*Her petticoats hiss
with a hiss of fear,
a path of sound
for a sensitive ear.*

*When she puts out her hand,
her breath gives a catch,
fingers are there
instead of a latch.*

*When she reaches back
lest she should fall,
a body is there
instead of a wall.*

*What use to scream
so sole alone,
what use to struggle
against the unknown?*

*“Very well,” she said
imperiously,
“Pray light the sconces
so we may see.*

*“Here are my pearls,
and here my rings
and take off your hats,
you filthy things!”*



MURDER HOUSE

*Abandoned is the house,
abandoned and deserted,
but the ghosts have both invited
other ghosts to enter there.*

*Ghostly hands are on the knocker,
ghostly faces at the window,
and a wind that sounds like footsteps
hurries up and down the stair.*

*Wild and overgrown, the lilacs
crowd and peer between the shutters,
burrs and nettles, rank and evil,
press against the kitchen door.*

*Now there's company in plenty
on that lonely, lonely hillside
for two ghosts, who by death's mercy
need know loneliness no more.*



THE FATES

*The Fates,
like hooded hawks
upon God's glove,
often shake their bells
before striking.*



POEM OF DISMISSAL

"I will arise and go unto my father."

"But he, alas, is dead.

*On either side the gravestone, briar and nettle
grow by his head.*

*"Your father's house burned down one windy evening,
long, long ago.*

*Now nothing marks the place but one tall chimney,
blackened below.*

*“Only a stranger now can walk that highway
you walked before.*

*The broken cellar-hole is now the only
flung-open door.”*



LUNA

*The moon reached out her cold hand
and stroked the wet scaly head of the sea
until it was still
and slept.*



JUDGMENT DAY

*Neither the sun nor the moon arose,
there was not a star in the sky,
the coldest wind that ever blows
and the thick white mists went by,
the dead ascended, the long, long dead,
from the cold black depths of the sea,
each with his foot on a wave's white head,
riding amazingly.*



THE BLACK POOL

*Over this water
no bird will fly,
of this water
no creature will drink,*

*no wings give life
to its mirrored sky,
no footprints mark
the earth at its brink.*

*For here the lonely
mermaid dwells,
all, all alone
and far from the sea,*

*with never a dolphin,
nor pearls, nor shells,
nor a song to sing
till Eternity.*



THE REMNANT

*Four men have returned, four men with white faces,
four men have returned, they and no more.
In a cave by the ocean one searched for lost treasure,
and suddenly came the sea, closing the door.
One stood with his sheep and saw in the distance
a small white cloud: there was death in that cloud.
One worked at his trade, preparing for burial,
and felt a dead woman who turned in her shroud.
No one knew what it was that the fourth had encountered,*

*but his eyes stared out blindly like eyes made of stone —
of all the young men who went seeking their fortunes,
four returned to the city — four men alone.*



LIE SAFE

*Lie safe and merry,
lie snug and warm,
the watch-dog barks
but he means no harm.*

*The geese call out
as if at a foe,
but what should the geese
and the watch-dog know?*

*Lie safe and merry,
the night is dark,
the moon has blown out
like a wind-tossed spark,*

*and deep in the cavern
of the stair
the old clock strikes
with a startled air.*

*It strikes and strikes,
thirteen, fourteen, —
what in the world
does the mad clock mean?*

*Lie still, forget,
lie snug and warm,
there's a knock at the door
but it means no harm.*



HILL PASTURE

*The old white horse comes tired to work,
for all night long in the hill pasture
where the burdocks grow
he goes clattering among the rocks,
the fleshless heels of a ghost pressed deep in his ribs.*



THE BONDSWOMAN

*I am lean and weary
with labor never done,
as a slave I do his bidding
yoked with the sun.*

*In war he killed my father,
my mother in her hall,
and he made me a bondswoman
to serve them all.*

*I am lean and weary
who was so fair to see,
in all the kingdoms of the world
no woman equalled me.*

*Till the stars come to drink at his wounds,
till the moon lap at his breast,
till the sun bathe itself in his blood,
I can never rest.*



THE LETTER

*Against the window tapped the leaves,
along the gray roof ran the rain,
the hound beside the fire groaned,
the flames leaped up and died again.*

*The darkness pressed against the walls,
a cold wind nosed through the open door,
the letter moved like a wounded thing
and hurtled itself across the floor.*

*Where was the man who had read these words?
Where had he gone, leaving behind
his house a prey to the dripping woods,
the cold-nostrilled rain and the snuffing wind?*



DANIEL WEBSTER'S HORSES

*If when the wind blows
rattling the trees,
clicking like skeletons'
elbows and knees,*

*you hear along the road
three horses pass,
do not go near the dark
cold window-glass.*

*If when the first snow lies
whiter than bones,
you see the mark of hoofs
cut to the stones,*

*hoofs of three horses
going abreast —
turn about, turn about,
a closed door is best!*

*Upright in the earth
under the sod
they buried three horses,
bridled and shod,*

*Daniel Webster's horses —
he said as he grew old:
"Flesh, I loved riding,
shall I not love it, cold?"*

*"Shall I not love to ride
bone astride bone,
when the cold wind blows
and snow covers stone?"*

*"Bury them on their feet
with bridle and bit.
They were fine horses —
see their shoes fit."*



PURSUIT

*The light of the hid moon streaks all the sky
with ominous panther bars,
the marshes lie
in taut and quivering silence,
the lagoons
lip through their grasses searching for lost moons.
Like evil berries the green fire-flies light
on the long rushes.*

P U R S U I T

*Through the dim-lit night
a round red lantern flees,
jerking and blind,
from the red lantern following close behind.*



DREAMS

*And dreams like bats
(which with small cries
go chasing gnats
and long-legged flies)*

*wing through the darkness
of the breast
until with day
they take their rest,*

D R E A M S

*hanging head downwards,
vague, aloof,
like some soft fungus
on a roof.*



THE WISE WOMAN
AT BETHLEHEM GATE

*A candle
shall set a great blaze,
and a star
the wise shall amaze.*

*I see kings kneeling,
one, two, three,
and three times heaven
on an ass shall be.*

*A drop of water
shall split a throne,
and Rome be shattered
by love alone.*

*Give me the coppers
that you owe.
I have shown you the future.
Now, go.*



MAIDSERVANT TO THE OGRE'S WIFE

*And I from underneath the stair
could watch her sweeping out the rooms
with human heads on sticks for brooms
and felt my heart despair.*

*The door was locked to any hope,
I saw her daily dust and clean
with the silk mantle of a queen
and merchants' fat for soap.*

*Yet she was patience' self to me,
though she could never understand
the dreadful shaking of my hand
skimming the broth or pouring that thick tea.*



CONCRETE TRAP

*The fox at midnight in the city square
knows there's a way, but knows not where it is,
a path that leads to fields and woods and lair,
leaves underfoot, earth and the stirring air.
Bewildered stands the fox, too many streets
lead off too many ways, yet there is one
leads to the woods and to tomorrow's sun.
Under street lamps, between the straight house walls,
hard, geometric, baffling nose and eyes,*

escape is there for him to recognize.

*Bewildered stands the fox, questing the way,
and in the yards the dogs begin to bay.*



TO POOR PYGMALION

*Beware creating, breathing life
into stone nostrils — oh, beware
a mouth awakening, hands that grope,
and the warm scent of chiselled hair!*

*You yet may raise your bending head,
staglike in proud and frightened stare,
to feel a weight about your throat
of marble arms enlacing there.*



A LADY COMES TO AN INN

*Three strange men came to the Inn.
One was a black man, pocked and thin,
one was brown with a silver knife,
and one brought with him a beautiful wife.*

*That lovely woman had hair as pale
as French champagne or finest ale,
that lovely woman was long and slim
as a young white birch or a maple limb.*

*Her face was like cream, her mouth was a rose,
what language she spoke nobody knows,
but sometimes she'd scream like a cockatoo
and swear wonderful oaths that nobody knew.*

*Her great silk skirts like a silver bell
down to her little bronze slippers fell,
and her low-cut gown showed a dove on its nest
in blue tattooing across her breast.*

*Nobody learned the lady's name,
nor the marvelous land from which they came,
but still they tell through the countryside
the tale of those men and that beautiful bride.*

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